



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1904.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS

DAYBREAK.

In liquid streams the glory beams;
The first bright rays are streaming;
And near and far, 'neath dawning star,
The golden sun is beaming.
O wake! O wake! the night is gone;
Arise, your dreams forsaking;
Arm for the battles of the day,
For now the day is breaking.

'Tis come! 'tis come! the voices dumb
Have burst to chords of praise,
As every little bird of song
Its silken voice utters.
O daybreak!—heart—where is the part
For you in all this singing?
The birds are glad and glad above
The angel harp are ringing.

Lo! it is daybreak in thy soul!
Then rise and sing His praises.
The glorious sun of righteousness
From gloom your spirit raises.
Forth from the night, forth from the gloom
While silver stars are dying—
His light, His glorious light broadcast
The gloom of death defying.

O victory! He died for me!
Then I am free forever.
Come back—thou night thy gloom and
pall
Shall fright my soul, no never!
Day floods the whole wide world with
light
Where clovers sweet are sowing;
Where birds have sung farewell to night,
Faith's morning prayer is praying.

Bright streaks of light first burst the sky,
And then, the night defying,
The holy flood of golden dawn
Swept down the gloom a-dying.
Then—O effulgent day, glad day!
O psalmist of glory!
Bathed in the tide, thou gloom-cast soul,
And know thou, too, the story.
—B. F. M. Sears, in United Presbyterian.

THE TROUBLED WATERS.

They Overtake Every Christian, But
with Jesus in the Boat
All Is Well.

The disciples tempest tossed on the
sea of Galilee, with Jesus asleep in the
hinder part of the boat, is a perfect pic-
ture of the devout saint oppressed by the
world, the flesh and the devil. Another
scene, a little later, graphically illus-
trates the same condition: Jesus on the
mountain in prayer and His be-
loved followers are "tolling in rowing";
literally distressed or tormented. The
same word is used by the centurion who
said that his servant was sick of the
palsy, grievously tormented, and by the
demons who asked of Jesus: "Art Thou
come to torment us before the time?"
This is a good word to express the sore
trials of many of the saints to-day. They
are "tolling" or distressed or tormented
by the stress of circumstances, personal-
ly or in the home or in business or in
their spiritual relations.

But what a comfort that "The Master
of ocean and earth and skies" is with
us! "With Christ in the vessel we
laugh at the storm." He is never asleep
in His glorified state, nor occupied
with His high priestly function that He
falls to notice the distressed and tor-
mented of His Heavenly people down
here in the hostile and foreign element
of earth. Thank God, He is always near
at hand, ready and glad to be called to
our relief. He is ours "to command."
In the Fourth Watch, when our case
seems hopeless, in the darkest hour He
comes walking upon the water to our
relief, saying: "It is I, be not afraid."
Then our belief is rebuked, our hearts
subside and we repose restfully in the
arms of infinite and omnipotent love.
"Weeping may endure for a night, but
joy cometh in the morning."
Oh, soul, heartbroken by sorrow, over-
come by temptation, crushed by ad-
versity, wondering how long you can
hold out in the present distress, asking
what the end shall be, prophesying fail-
ure, thinking yourself forsaken of God,
look up and be of good cheer. Thy God
lives. Thy Saviour will never leave thee
or forsake thee. The furnace will not
be heated too hot for thee. Listen to the
great Refiner:

"When through the fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply,
The flames cannot consume thee, I only design
Thy drops to burn and thy gold to refine."

Let us cultivate the habit of trusting
God when He seems to be far away,
urges Rev. W. J. Mosier, in Christian
Work. When the healing is delayed,
when the money does not come, when
the position is not found, when the
persecution is not abated, when the loved
one is not saved, or reclaimed, let us
reclon on Him Who calls things that are
not as though they were and Who rais-
eth the dead and quickeneth whom He
will and ere long He will rebuke the
winds and the waves of temptation and
trial, and there will be a great calm, and
ere long He will appear on the troubled
water and finally we shall reach the land
whither we are going, and for which our
eager, weary souls were longing. An
ever present Christ with every believer
is an assured fact. The apprehension of
the fact means patience in trial, joy in
tribulation, thanksgiving in everything
and rejoicing evermore.

Just Like Jesus.

A French missionary doctor in Africa
was setting out to visit a patient, when
his little boy asked: "Papa, where are
you going?" "I am going to see a little
boy who is very sick; are you not glad
that your papa can help the sick little
boys?" "Yes," the child replied, "it's
just like Jesus." This child's remark
suggests both the work and the reward
of the medical missionary.

The reason why you do not trust

Him more is that you obey him so
little. If you would only ask what
God would have you do, you would
soon find your confidence growing.—
George Macdonald.

HOW TO FIND TRUTH.

It is in Yielding to the Revelations
Which Are Given to Us
Day by Day.

One of the most puzzling questions,
perhaps, that can be addressed to any
preacher, and has often been addressed
to me, is this: Why does God not make
it so that there shall be no room for
doubt concerning duty, destiny, heaven,
and things to come, concerning Christ,
the Holy Spirit, the Father of our spir-
its? Why does not God write as it were
across the sky with the finger of phenom-
ena the truth which all men can read?
Why should not the vision all-ways
and everywhere be granted to men
in common? "I do not know where to
look for the truth," cries many a young
man who stands upon the very threshold
of the truth that was meant for him. I
will tell you how I always answer such
a question if it is addressed to me, says
Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple,
London. It is this: There is only one
vision, so far as you are concerned, the
vision which God sends for you. It
fronts you now, and obedience to that
will lead you to another, and obedience
again will lead you higher still. Obe-
dience to your vision means consecra-
tion to your duty. We talk as though
there were uncertainty concerning the
things that matter most. God has left
no uncertainty in His world concerning
the things that matter most just now;
and the vision to which every man
should conform his life is waiting for
him, and shining on him in the midst
of the things of common day.

There is no man or woman in this
place but that has seen a heavenly
vision. The only question for you and
me is: What response have we made
to that vision? Oh, how few seem eas-
ily able to discern the Divine in the
midst of the common things! God
comes to man upon the highway of life
and in the midst of the ordinary duties
of life, and heavenly vision is granted
—not to the man who runs hither and
thither, seeking for "some great thing
to do, or secret thing to know," but in
the way of duty, and in the midst of
the trivial, as it seems, and the humdrum,
and the commonplace. Seek for God
there or you will find Him nowhere.

A REAL PRAYER.

How a Little Girl Received a Prompt
and Full Answer to Her
Petition.

A little girl whose sick mother had
no bread, knelt down by the bedside, and
said, slowly: "Give us this day our
daily bread." Then she went into the
street and began to wonder where God
kept His bread. She saw a large baker's
shop.
"This," thought Nettie, "is the place."
So she entered confidently and said to
the big baker: "I've come for it."
"Come for what?"
"My daily bread," she said, pointing
to the tempting loaves. "I'll take two,
if you please—one for mother and one
for me."
"All right," said the baker, putting
them into a bag, and giving them to his
little customer, who started for the
street.
"Stop," he said, roughly; "where is
your money?"
"I haven't any," she said, simply.
"Haven't any?" he repeated, angrily;
"you little thief, what brought you here,
then?"
The hard words frightened the little
girl, who, bursting into tears, said:
"Mother is sick, and I am so hungry. In
my prayers I said: 'Give us this day our
daily bread,' and then I thought God
must be able to fetch it, and so I came."
The baker was softened by the child's
simple tale, and he sent her back to her
mother with a well-filled basket.

GLEANINGS.

It's no use blaming nature if you
refuse nurture.—Ram's Horn.

When you kill a good resolution you
revive an old enemy.—Ram's Horn.

No one has lost his labor who has
labored for the lost.—United Presby-
terian.

When the church owes last year's
coal bill it is not going to catch this
year's converts.—Ram's Horn.

"Better lose count enumerating your
blessings," said Malthe D. Babcock,
"than lose your blessings in telling
over your troubles."

It is not time you want, but fire.
Who would not cry out to God, O,
make my life how short I care not,
so that I can have the fire in it for
an hour!—Phillips Brooks.

Sun, moon and stars are God's stars
traveling preachers; apostles on their jour-
neys confirming those who fear the
Lord; judges on circuit condemning
those who worship idols.—C. H. Spur-
geon.

As man looks up he sees God's stars
reflecting the light of the far off sun.
As God looks down He sees His shin-
ing ones in this dark earth giving off
the pure white light of the Son of the
Infinite.—United Presbyterian.

A man must not choose his neigh-
bor; he must take the neighbor that
God sends him. In him, whoever he
be, lies hidden or revealed a beautiful
brother. The neighbor is just the man
who is next to you at the moment.
This love of our neighbor is the only
door out of the dungeon of self.—
George Macdonald.

Unfailing courtesy, kindness, tend-
erness and consideration for others are
some of the greatest ornaments to the
character of the child of God. The
world can understand these things if
it cannot understand doctrine. There
is no religion in rudeness, roughness,
bluntness and incivility. The perfec-
tion of practical Christianity consists
in attending to the little duties of holiness
as well as to the great.—J. C.
Ryle.

Sotto Voce.

The Groom (to himself)—What a
brute I've been, and how I must have
frightened her.

The Bride (to herself)—Well, I've
said he is going to be so easily managed.
—Brooklyn Life.

THE BOWERY JOHNNY

UNIQUE PRODUCT OF NEW YORK
CITY CIVILIZATION.

How He Meets His Juliet, What She
Says to Him and He to Her—
Laying the Foundation of
a Love Affair.

The Bowery Johnny, like most other
New York institutions, is an original
product. You see his like nowhere else.
He came into existence with the advent
of the traveling burlesque companies
which have dominated the cheap vari-
ety theaters for the last ten years, and
his development has been rapid.

Like his Broadway brother, says the
New York Sun, the Bowery Johnny may
be of any age over 15. It all depends on
the juvenility of his heart. He is just
as likely to be a blue-eyed youth with
hair parted in the middle, patent leath-
er shoes and the Bowery's latest cut suit
and a pocketbook that needs replenish-
ing as he is to be fat and bald headed.

The female members of Bowery
burlesque companies are not always de-
void of talent or lacking a pretty face.
In the well built girl who cap-
tured the Bowery's heart. To see her
he waits in front of the theater where
the women members of the company
usually make their exit, or sits ex-
pectant in the cafe, if the theater has a
cafe annex, as it usually has. In the lat-
ter case he invariably sits vis-a-vis with
the object of his adoration waiting to
invite her to have a drink.

Naturally, an easy method of intro-
duction is to send the charmer a note, not
a sloppy note, but usually very much to
the point. A few years ago a minor
pugilist whose reputation was based on
the fact that he had defeated a man who
was once the sparring partner of a box-
er who was whipped by Terry McGov-
ern, sent one of these notes to a chorus
girl, who was mean enough to show it
around. This is what it contained:

I saw de show to-night and wants to
meet youse. I'm Mickey the Kid, pugilist
and scrapper. If it is alright an youse are
on de devil meet me at McGov's after de
show. MICKEY THE KID, athlete.

But the average Bowery Johnny es-
chews the formality of note writing if



"HE'S A GOOD FELLER."

he can avoid it. Sometimes he sends
news of his intentions to his idol by a
stage hand.
"A friend of mine," says Cupid's am-
bassador, "would like to make a date
with youse. He's all right. He's a good
feller. Don't throw him down, 'cause
he's me pal."

Of course, the girl may protest that
she has a previous engagement or that
she never goes out with strangers, or
that she has promised to be home at a
certain time. But it is current testi-
mony that she rarely does. She appreci-
ates an invitation to supper, and a trust
is made in the theater cafe. The popu-
lar introductory phrase is: "What will
you have?" and the lady is expected to
say: "Beer," after which the conversa-
tion ranges to the weather, the show,
etc.

"I'm glad I met you," Romeo will
probably say after awhile, "and I hope
I'll see you again after to-night."

"Of course I will be pleased to meet
you once more," Juliet will reply. "I
enjoyed your sociability very much. In-
deed I did, and that ain't no joke."

"I love the stage," says Romeo, with
much earnestness, "and I wish I was an
actor. Say, it must be lovely to be an
actress."

"Oh, I don't know," answers Juliet.
"There are other jobs as good. You see,
I hate traveling and appearing in tight-
suits. You know Lillian Russell and Paul-
ine Hall and Lulu Glaser and all those
Broadway soubrettes have appeared in
tight-ies. I don't say that I can act as good
as they can, but I guess I have a better
shape, haven't I?"

Which is the chance for which Romeo
has been waiting.

"You can bet your life you have," he
says with much feeling. "They don't
come no better than you."

And he feels then that the foundation
of his love affair is well laid.

For suppose the Bowery Johnny pre-
fers the Chinese restaurants as centers of
town gaiety. He does not regard for-
wardly expenditure on flowers. Then
an up-to-date Bowery Johnny thinks
the date of extravagance.

Wore Mustache After Death.

It is well known that human hair
grows after death. This was convinc-
ingly demonstrated to a young widow
in Liverpool. She attended a spiritual-
istic seance and in a dim light was
shown the specter of her husband. She
embraced the specter, found him to be
rather warm and substantial for a
ghost and rapturously kissed him. Then
she made the discovery that although
in life "her Jim" always had a closely
shaven face, he now wore a luxuriant
mustache.

A New Experiment.

Inquiring Friend—What on earth in-
duced you to marry, old man?
De Bauche Loosefish—Why, dear
boy—you see, I've tried everything
else.—Ally Sloper.

Man's Way.

Unto his friends, both far and near,
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—Cassell's Journal.

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SPOOK WITH A SHARP TAIL

Horrible Ghost Works Great Reform
Among the Colored Population
in Rural Maryland.

The residents of Knight's road, a
negro settlement on the outskirts of
Allen, Md., are in high state of excite-
ment because of the frequent visits of
their one-time friend, Alexander W.
Brewington, deceased. Brewington
died about three months ago and, ac-
cording to the statements of his
friends, he has been prowling around
the village at night for more than two
months. He appears to his friends
only at night.

One negro who has a family and
could give the following account for



SCARED NEARLY TO DEATH.

returning home in the early morning
hours solemnly vows that never again
will he attend to business matters after
dark. He declares that he met the
spirit of Brewington a few nights ago
in a little skirt of woods near his
church and the sight that met his eyes
nearly scared him to death.

To a New York World correspondent
he said: "I nebah in all my bohn days
seed sich a uncommon sight. I wah
jes' lak I's friz fas' to de yeath wid my
moufwide op'n, my eyes sot an' a-trem-
blin' like a dawg wid a half dozen
agars. Couldn't talk, but I promiss'd
de Lawd den an' dah in my mald ef He'd
drive dat thing away I'd quit my fool-
ishness and ten' church, n' I'm agwine
fo' to do it. Dat thing had long hoins
jes' lak a old-time ox an' a tale 'bout
six foot, as sharp as a razor. De black
smoke wah a-flyin' out ob his mouf lak
it wah comin' out ob a steam injin.
Wid a short an' a slash ob his tail he
cut down a lot of pine trees an' den
lef—an' so id I. When it come good
day I went to look at de damf and
foun' de pine trees all a-standin'. No,
boss, I'm done wid sin."

Farmers with peach orchards, melon
patches and chicken roosts are highly
pleased with the good work Brewington
is doing.

Sweet Honey.

Ernestine—Yes, indeed, Jack brought
me a box of the most delicious candies
I ever tasted.

Eva—You don't say! Did you smack
your lips?

Ernestine—Oh, he attended to that.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In Tokio.

Lady Customer—I'd like to buy a door
mat.

Jap Merchant—Here is something very
nice in Russian bear and they are very
popular this year; the whole nation is
wiping its feet on them.—Detroit Free
Press.

Faulty to the End.

"So ole Si Slocum has paid the debt
of nature, has he?"

"Yes, Si drank a dose of carbolic
acid by mistake fer licker."

"Gosh! I knew if Si had paid a debt
it must have been by mistake."—Judge.

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These Last Girls.
Madge—Charlie said he was going to
get me a nice engagement ring.
Marjorie—He probably said so be-
cause he thought you must be a good
judge of them by this time.—N. Y. Her-
ald.

Not Safe.

"But, Sam, you know there is safe-
ty in numbers."
"Dat's where you're wrong, boss; I
went broke on 4-11-41!"—Yonkers
Statesman.

"Danger of First Thoughts."

Miss Verarien (musingly)—I wonder
why it is that artists are always poor?
Suitor (awkwardly)—I presume that
most of them marry for beauty.—N. Y.
Weekly

Magistrate (severely)—You are
charged with kissing this young lady
against her will, and on the public
highway.

Prisoner—She was in a bicycle cos-
tume, and I mistook her for my long
lost brother.

Magistrate (briskly)—Discharged!
Call th' next case.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Deadlock.
"The only way to swim," said the
man who assumes to give instructions
about everything, "is to have confi-
dence."

"Yes," answered the novice, "and the
only way to have confidence is to be
perfectly sure you can swim."—Wash-
ington Star.

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